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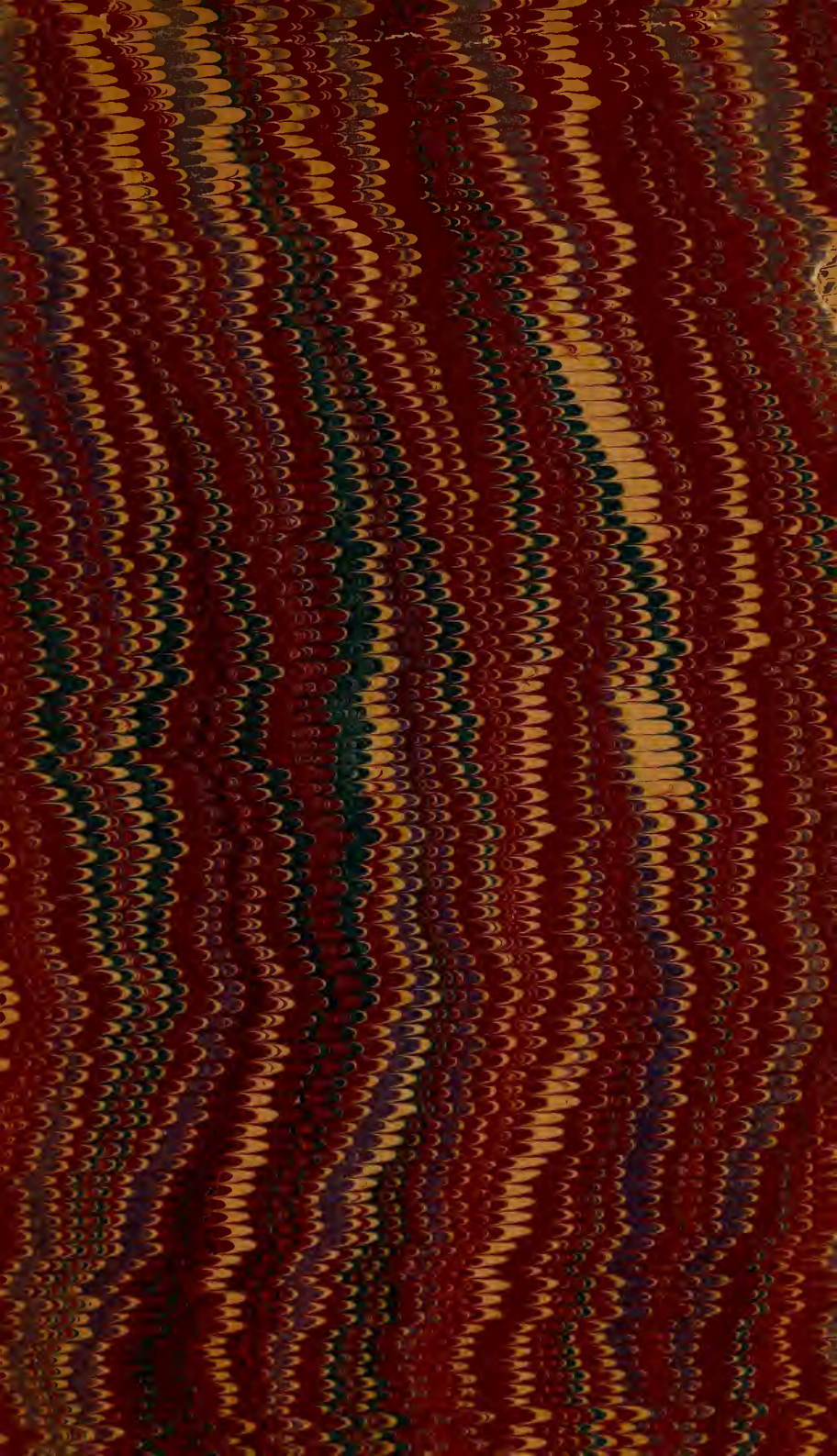


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







Fernwood

Leaves.

'49 = '94

Midwinter

Tribute to Our
Pioneer Matrons.





'49 School House.

"LOVE OF TRUTH."

My days of youth, tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth the more the world I see;
I'll keep a straight and narrow path,
Lead on where'er it may—
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey,

NOTE—The picture of the '49 School House, accompanied by the above stanza, blend in harmony within the memories of all pioneer pupils of San Francisco. To-day the structure is used as a Chinese joss house.



Mission Dolores—the old and the new.

'49 to '94.



....RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED....

TO THE

Native Sons and Daughters

IN TRIBUTE TO

Our Pioneer Matrons.



"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."



A. Williams, *bind.*

30571-Z'

Mrs. M. E. Rise

of San Francisco

See letter

SAN FRANCISCO:

Upton Bros., Printers and Bookbinders, 417 Montgomery St

1894.

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To the Reader



These soft-voiced "Fernwood Leaves" please take,
View'd kindly for sweet mem'rie's sake,
And all the honor we would throw
O'er names revered since long ago ;
You'll love me best, I know you will,
When my soft voice is silent—still—
Forever-more, to know that I—
Would not permit these names to die,
That I have dared, though pen so weak,
To voice the chord our hearts bespeak.
Live ! those mem'ries prized by others,
Proudly peerless, pioneer mothers ;
Live, in the hearts of all mankind,
As in our mem'ry justly shrined ;
Proudly our Natives-born display,
The character which lives alway ;
From pioneer ancestry great,
Blending the best of every trait,
Crowns California the Golden State.

FERNWOOD LEAVES.

'49—California's Pioneers.—'94



FULL four and forty years ago,
There stemm'd the tide and plough'd the snow,
A goodly host, a lively crew,
Hardy of nerve and sinew, too ;
Some came by land a long trail through,
Still more around Cape Horn had sped,
Honest, plucky and go-ahead ;
Others by Isthmus early came,
To reach the tract of "Golden " fame ;
Many " came West, in early time,"
But few are left of '49.

Out of the Old World swell'd a stream,
Souls elated with gorg'ous dream,
Full and sturdy, stout, true and bold—
Just the builders of banks of gold.
Not this alone they sought—far more—
They yearned to reach the new-famed shore
Where Freedom's eagle wings, stretched wide,
Held her children from tide to tide,
Shelt' ring from harm on ev'ry side.
Such were the souls that cross'd the Line,
In blust'ring days of '49.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine—
Few, may now remember the time,
Honor was honor, gold was gold,
Metals only barter'd and sold ;
" Ne'er a wolf in the early fold."

The foremost men who swell'd the throng,
Honest, sinewy, girt and strong,
Clear-headed, bold, stout-hearted, firm,
Never too proud to list' to learn,
Come to battle, to temper in.
To gather a fortune—a "pile," or "tin ;"
Eager t' "shoulder pick and shovel,"
Willing t' live in tent or hovel ;
Leading spirits to thrive, to cheer,
Builders of States—ye Pioneer.
Then womanhood came, oh ! why came they here ?
To 'bide by their husbands, to help and to cheer—
Aye, take up such work as his hands found to do,
Adapting themselves to the rough, wierd and new,
Adopting brogans or a tarpaulin brim,
Quite as necessity catered them in,
With China-crepe shawl, or a bright satin gown,
When never a print could be had in the town ;
But fashion's frail follies ne'er worried these wives,
Who came to build households—devoting their lives
To the cause of their country, humanity, God,
Then silently sinking to rest 'neath our sod ;
Aye, silently—scarcely remember'd by name,
Yet, honor we, women of pioneer fame.



A '49-er.

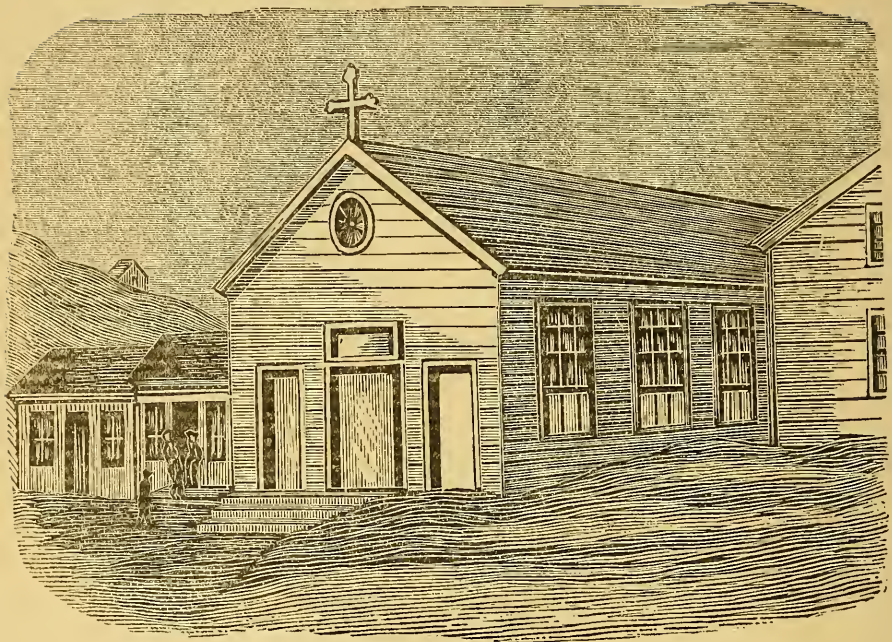
Master-man came not all alone,
Some, the dear ones "brought out from home,"
Cross desert plain, or treach'rous foam,
Wives too timid to stay "back thar,"
And stand "the chafe grass-widder's bar ;
Too nervous "home" to take their ease,
With son or husband 'yond the seas,
Finding, per chance, an unknown grave.
Ah ! what makes tender woman brave ?

Unselfish love doth risk, doth crave,
And dares be firm, and strong in life,
Nor worse the foe, nor worse the strife.

Aye, thus to motherhood is giv'n,
This grace, direct from highest Heav'n,
To cling to husband, children, God,
Through weal, through woe, till 'neath the sod ;
As Ivy true, near ancient hall,
Closely holds to the shelt'ring wall,
Where storms most beat and rains most fall,
'Midst dire privations, stout and calm,
Whose hopes discouragements disarm,
Whose faith guides man from Satan's charm ;
The tie which God to man has giv'n,
To lead him forth from earth to Heav'n,
And sanctifying motherhood,
Whence claim we Christian brotherhood.
Some liv'd "close e'en a most the 'mill,"
Next Dare-De'il Dick, or Champion Bill,
Two Yankee miners "abast the hill ;"
Else, down near Potrero Bay,
Where Digger Indians wont to stray,
Wi' Italian fishermen all day,
To gather drift-wood, by the way ;
Or digs for clams the grave Chinese,
In water even to their knees ;
Or where the valley streams abound,
'Midst grain-clad undulating ground,
Where French and Spanish tents are found ;
Poor, true quaint tillers of the soil,
Who put their sturdy hands to toil ;
Where Dutch and Irish, if you please,
Fling open grocery-bars—for ease—
But here, I'd have you understand,
Saloons?—"war'nt one in all the land."

Hotels are English to the core,
With lodgings scatt'ring by the score,
And landlords looming to the fore ;
Americans take up the rest,
Here, rustlers, hustlers were the test ;
Yet, to my mind reverts not clear,
Of Lord or Lady pioneer,
Or melting blonde, or snobbish beau,
"Aw, 'twould'nt do—aw—well, you know,
"Muscle and brain—aw—needed so,
"Not aw—quite aw—well-balanced tho'."
Now, German cousins came ashore,
And Scottish clans with ancient lore ;
From England, Wales and Ireland poured,
Their stoutest hearts, a noble horde.

Just the element needed" came,
To raise the sea-coast city's fame,
Ere the region was State in name.



The New Church and the Old Chapel and School.

Then, now, be it now, my great joy to tell,
How th' news came to us—by the chapel bell,
From th' wee low hut in the chaparral,
With cross, black-painted, flat, over the door,
That bell rang out grander than ever before,
Wild crowds caught th' 'peal with a deaf'ning roar,
California's a State forever more.

From cot on the slope of sage-brush and sand,
Sacramento and Pow'Il streets now cross the land,
A woman stood holding th' flag in her hand;
And quick as each joyous, liquid, note,
Clang'd out from the bell's metallic throat,
Ringing its way on the air afloat,
Amanda Pelton, obscure to fame,
Most gentle, gen'rous, loveable dame,
Proud, patr'otic, as pioneers are,
Happy to know our "home" was a star,
Admitted upon th' "Spangled Blue,"
Flaunted that flag with energy true.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! with a "tiger" loud,
Well'd from the lungs of the noisy crowd ;
From many a burnt-brown cheek was wrung,
A heart-glad tear when th' flag being flung,
Announced to all, our freedom won !
State-hood accepted, our anthem to be,
Vive, la America ! Land of the free.

So, as the first public school rose in the State,
'Twas *Amanda M. Rey trudged early and late,
Beside her strong husband stout-hearted as he,
In all, but too proud, that our schools should be free,
She gather'd and won th' young hearts to her side,
While he to executive duties applied ;
Hence when our next annals recordeth the truth,
Forgot not the matron who guided our youth,
Forgot not the teacher-wife toiled night and day,
'Midst pain and privation, without praise or pay.
Thou proud son and daughter guard fondly th' sod,
Which shrouds th' veil'd dust of the soul gone to God ;
With glad thrill of dutious pleasure, I here
Write name of this matron—our own pioneer.
This the day from earliest date,
We then, and now still celebrate,
Eighteen fifty, September nine,
That's the date—November the time,
School children rank and file in line,
Some so young, or very small,
Barely could toddle along at all.
Miss Davis crowned "California" great,
Sat on a freight-truck in loyal state,
Still proudly remembers her happy fate.
Dense crowds pressing forward with lusty shout,
Demanding "What's this yer 'prade all about ?"
Hurrah ! 'rah ! 'rah ! 'rah ! was the ringing cry,
Along the line as the children passed by.
Seventeen seventy-six, I opine,
On opposite shore of the Rocky line,
Was here re-enacted September nine,
The occasion later, no less sublime.
These earliest bold, are the ones we hold,
As richer by far to our land than gold ;
These brave heart's the hereos our States revere,
Brain, muscle and sinew, our pioneer.
Swarmed in '50 from every port,
Social strata of every sort,
Assured the way was clearly pav'd,
By those who struggl'd, delv'd and sav'd ;
Knowing all hearts were trustful then,
Men were brothers and brothers men ;

*Mrs. Amanda M. R. Pelton.

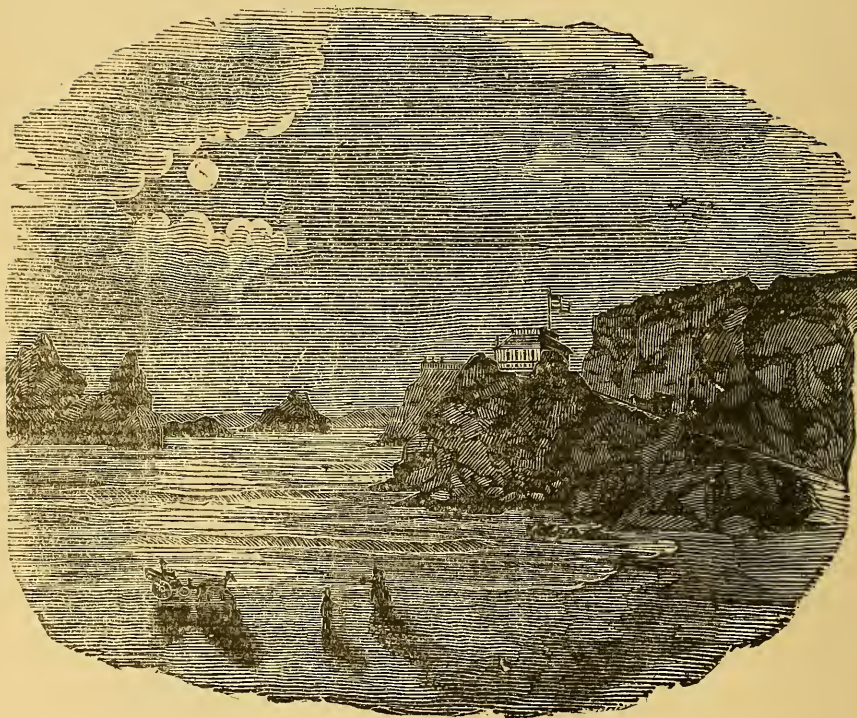
All met welcome, what creed or clime,
In grand old days of '49.

Why not? The banner of our brave,
That flag, our country's father gave,
Held innate charm, the pow'r to save.
'Hoop la !' a miner yells through tears,
(He'd not beheld that flag for years)
When from the top-mast-head there leers,
Hoisting aloft mid noisy cheers,
Our flag, by one of our "Pioneers."
July the Fourth, of course "the boys"
Paraded 'round with wonted noise;
Bunting and flags so rare to view,
They sang encore "Red, White and Blue"
Till morn, ye Pioneers so true.
'50—September Ninth, the time—
Aye, all the fifties fell in line,
Each year forming a theme sublime,
For then our freedom was made known,
And California—our very own.

Native Sons and Daughters we sing,
Land this day ! let the welken ring ;
Daughters, sons, of the native sod,
For this day thank the living God.
Bring together North, South, East, West,
Pride is meet for the first and best ;
Well, we know there's a certain ring,
To all good metal sounded in,
Nor none can tell to dot so fine,
None loves better the golden chime,
Than those who camp'd in '49.
Listen again, will ye not believe,
The truth was ne'er written to deceive—
From August to March, come shine or rain,
Green grass and flow'rs spread over the main ;
All over the valley stretching wide,
Down the slope of hills, up the mountain's side,
And far as the eye can scan the plain,
Nodding in greeting, laughed golden grain,
Dipping their yellow heads one by one,
Rippling out merriment, full of fun,
Shaking in mirth at the passing breeze,
Wild oats and barley, that grow to please—
To please the nature that bids them grow,
So laughingly bending to and fro.
On, on, far out beyond yon plain,
See ! the nodding gold-headed grain,
Bending down to the very shore,
Seething billows of golden ore,

“Sowing wild oats here,” they say,
Sow! when they grow from mountain way,
Hands-high down to the sand-girt bay?
O, glorious sight this molten main,
Bright billows of living, golden grain.
Lo! the poppy’s rich golden crown,
From regal heights shot shimm’ring down,
Wild one, voiced by all together,
Native queen o’ th’ spangled heather;
Sure, nowhere else beyond our seas
Were known to flourish gems like these;
Rich as color of golden ore,
Pale or deep as its varied store;
As if its tender rootlets drew,
From hidden mines its gorgeous hue,
To bring the treasure-trove to view,
Native queen of the golden shore,
Gold was the gown, the crown she wore.
’Midst wooden glen or mountain crest,
We find in lavish colors dressed,
The Mariposa tulip fair—
Butterfly lily, I declare;
Call it by any name you will,
It is the rarest blossom still;
Not, as its sister Iris drew,
Mixed colors from the rainbow’s hue,
But all known tints are blended in,
With dawn of a fairy’s spangled wing.
Then the fern, tender, loving fern,
On mount or hill, where rivers turn
In torrents force to mock the gale,
Or wander idly through the vale;
Deep in the heart of wood or fen,
In forest glades, or sylvan glen,
E’en far beyond the haunts of men;
The fronds so delicately fine,
Fair neighbor of the stately pine,
’Gainst yon horizon face in line
Mount Tamalpais, upon thy breast,
Or answ’ring to the sea’s unrest,
That floats upon the inland bay,
In bending, murmuring seems to say:
“To tell you much, my heart doth burn,
“To the fernwoods go! seek the living fern;
“Far out where the bracken lies loose and deep,
“And the maiden hair ferns into solitude creep;
“Go! sip of the nectar the wild woods hold,
“Air perfumed, and sunshine far richer than gold.’
Yet more the sand-dunes stretching wide,
Broken or shifting, meets the tide,
Hilly or low, as the case may be,

Reaching the cliffs that girt the sea ;
Line 'twix the grain and ocean spray,
Flat'ning a beach to skirt the bay,
Whither all people love to stray,
Sabbaths or common holiday.
The sand-dunes be it said at best,
So close to the sound of the sea's unrest,
With sage-brush and chaparral are drest ;
And struggling within this closeness bound,
Yerba Buena's sweet herbs were found,
And fair and rare as ever grew,
Sweet flow'rs blossom'd and sipp'd the dew.



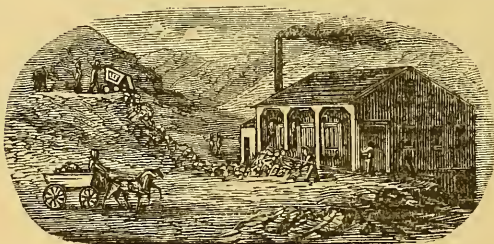
Seal Rocks, S. F.

Come to the Cliffs, at the sun-set hour,
Would ye feel touch of Nature's power ;
Shout ! to the sea, the answ'ring locks,
Resound and bound mid the scatter'd rocks,
Scream ye, stop !—stop, is echoed plain,
Giant oaks catch the loud refrain,
And shake their sides with laughter wild,

Noting Nature so quaint and mild,
Making game of a human child.
Thou pale brooding spirit of night,
Settling over the landscape, quite
Fills the scene with a calm repose,
A balm the lover of Nature knows.
Alone? Not so—now listen, hark!
Heard ye echoes? Aye, more—a bark,
Your ha! is re-echoed ha! ha!
Strangely followed by odd wha! wha!
Just as you' own, 'tis dusk of night,
Chill sensations of ghastly fright,
Makes you feel per-cept-a-bly white.
Aha! a series of snorts and whiffs,
Remind you seals are at the Cliffs—
Sea-dogs, call'd from their canine bark,
Foretelling gales—by seamen's chart,
With spirit kin to angry storm,
Your temper's sooth'd, your heart grows warm.
Good cliff denizens, gruff and great,
Guarding the reefs of Golden Gate,
In evening's wane or nightly gloom,
To cruisers, signal pending doom,
Storming the Cliffs, they cry with dread:
Keep out—keep off—breakers ahead.

Golden Gate by the sunset beam,
Guard of the State of gilded sheen,
Cliff-pillar'd-glint with gleaming ore,
Deep from the heart of lust'rous lore.
Our country's God looked kind on these,
And set the seals to keep the seas;
Prowls o'er the mountain passes there,
Grimly on guard, the grizzly bear.
Next, to place the wily "cayote,"
With smoothly-glossy, silken coat,
Miners know by a single note:
Scarce from the prairie he dare stray,
Or past the plateau seek his prey,
Making night hedious, with his foul
Churlish yelp and snappish howl—
Demonlike noiseless sneaks away
As Venus blinking welcomes day,
The wood-dove greets his cooing mate,
The mist-forms glide through Golden Gate,
The air sweet laden with perfume,
And resonant with wild-birds' tune,
All life joins praise to God, that He
Made land so valued, bright and free.

Another pioneer wife—for shame,
Our annals ignore her simple name,
Albeit, her husband, leaped to fame.
One simple stanza may I indite,
No fitter epitaph need I write,
Depicting the striking, sinking pow'r,
The heart's deep sense of his "parting hour."
Alas! for his sad untimely fate,
Pollack soon ventured beyond the "gate,"
And often his "parting hour" to mind,
Brings dear ones he sadly left behind,
Struggling to live in these early days,
When struggling meant a million of ways.
Herein the fact of the matter lies,
With husband she came a sacrifice,
Prone on the altar of dut'ous hope,
Deed most heroic, boundless in scope,
T' advance with his step, grasp with his hand
Glory and love for this wild, lone land,
Sifting the gold from the drifting sand,
Setting rare gems with a master touch,
Seeing and knowing the worth so much.
Thus Mary Pollock we later heard,
With her three boys, but never a word,
Struggled for bread both early and late,
In their lone hearth by the Golden Gate,
Till she raised her sons to man's estate.
Tasks as these, many women have done,
In pioneer life, out West begun;
Many the daughter, many the son,
Extolling such virtues—these know best,
Daughters and sons of the wide, gold west.



Mining During the 50's.

THE PARTING HOUR.

"There's something in the parting hour,
Will cheer the warmest heart,
Yet kindred comrades, lovers' friends,
Are fated all to part ;

But this I've seen and many a pang,
Has pressed it on my mind,
The one that goes is happier,
Than those he leaves behind."

—*Edward Pollock.*

Still one more name in bold relief,
Out from the shades of pain and grief,
From thy echoless tracks, O, Time!
Shaping the age of '49.
One mother heart and three small babes,
From early sun, till evening fades,
Cast round the sluice-box picking dust,
Treading the mill-race 'cause they must,
Watching the rocker as help or change
Up near the old Nevada range.
'Tending her brothers, this wee girl,
Sang, till the camps were set in whirl
Of excitement—'twas said: "You bet,
Train her, she'll make her fortune yet."
Soon impromptu concerts they gave,
Lotta sang, and her heart grew brave,
The banjo miners lov'd, learn'd she,
Her sweet young voice so pure, so free,
By nature's gift a pow'r to be.
Yes, lately now is the father—dead—
Saying that, need ought more be said?
"Let the grim past bury," instead.
This matron only knew the care,
How her three helpless babes might fare,
She needs go out to earn their bread,
They clinging to her skirts in dread.
At length by every chance and rule,
Lotta attends the village school;
Her voice—the house, the vale it fills,
And every human soul it thrills;
That child's angelic voice in fine,
Leads to her mother Fortune's mine.
Parent and child together cling,
As years roll out and years roll in;
The filial love of this dear one,
Is nobly grand to look upon,
As nobly kept, as nobly won,
We, Charlotte Crabtree's name revere—
Honored Mother and Pioneer.
Year fifty-one, September nine,
Pioneers well remind the time,
The weather clear, day grandly fine,
No art, nor verse can ever throw,
Over that picture brighter glow;

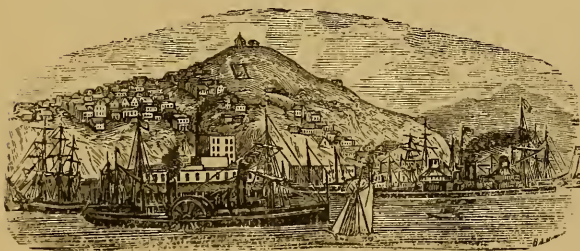
The most that can be done by pen,
Might help dim mem'ry now and then.
Fresh springs the mem'ries of the child,
Untremmel'd from the early wild,
Who formed the feature of the day,
Who joy'd to own to Freedom's sway ;
Trooping from out the one free school,
Proving how soon is learned the rule,
That union, liberty with life,
Is amply worth all early strife.
These pioneer babes were muster'd in,
With clang of guns and muskets' ring,
And one brass band with welcome din ;
All marching with a right good will,
Rounding up steep Telegraph Hill
They bound, oft' breaking ranks to fill
Their hats with oats and feather-grass,
Or chase the blue flies as they pass.
Now group'd or scatt'ring far and wide,
Around the steep hill's verdant side,
Lunching, chatting till even-tide ;
Or list'ning to the soft guitar,
Wooing the sea-breeze near and far,
While waltzes and sweet fangandoes play'd
Were lightly danced by youth and maid,
Till loud, the band deserving wake,
Anthems lov'd for our nation's sake.
Aye, and the day was most sublime,
A motley crew press'd into line,
Mechanics, sailors, miners, they
One and the other wore that day,
The fabled blouse of woolen red,
Panama hat on unshown head,
Long silk-scarf belt, and shuffling tread ;
Kanaka, Mexican and Chineese,
Dutch, English, Irish and Yankee,
French, Negro, Spanish and Moari,
All jubilant together,
Enjoying sun and heather,
Bright California weather ;
Surely, nigh winter, but no sign
Yet of the passing year's decline,
Indeed, I've said the day was fine.

There, in cosmopolitan style—
“ Say, pard, hev' ye be'n here long while,”
Came the woman, and who so charms,
As she who clasps a babe in arms,
There, maid and matron, sweethearts, wives,
You ne'er saw such a sight in your lives ;
Handsome, plain, good-looking, pretty,

Dull, refined, uncouth or witty,
Met on one level—to take part,
To strive their best, each eager heart ;
Never more toilsome, irksome fate,
They came to build the Golden State,
Ere muster'd out 'yond Golden Gate.
Ah ! what so gilds the veriest cloud,
Reflected light from the Day King's shroud,
The mantle grey obscuring his form,
Is flushed with tintings mellow and warm.
Thus, with the soul will to do, and dare,
Reflecting, reflected, all may share ;
Not strange then, individuals claim,
A share in our land, its care, its fame.

So these, amid darkest frowns of fate,
Reached Devil's Gulch, by Golden Gate ;
Planting God's faith in hearts grown bold,
Steering his helm thro' maze of gold,
Teaching their babes the Law Divine,
Long live their mem'ries pure sublime—
Pioneer mothers of '49.

Telegraph Hill was the chosen site,
Long teeming with happy hearts till night,
Till just as the wond'rous genial sun,
Deciding the day was almost done,
Slid cautious to where the day star slept,
And Vesper her twilight vigals kept,



Telegraph Hill, S. F.

Amid the gathering cloudlets crept.
Lingering beside the Golden Gate,
Whereby doth pass most precious freight,
By early morn or night tide late,
Out to the unseen, unknown fate.

As rays of departing sunshine fell,
Peal upon peal rang the hill-top bell,
The old fog-bell from top of the mill,
Mill structure rough on brow of the hill,

Whose platform served as stageing grand,
For speakers, preachers and one brass band.

The rub-a-dub-dub, rat-a-ta-ta,
Brought all the picnicians near or far ;
Professor Pelton spoke to the babies,
Preacher Williams addressed the ladies,
Padre Pedro of old Saint Francis,[†]
Spoke of our country's brilliant chances,
Ne'r a word of gad-around dances.

Patriotism inspired the band,
"Hail! Columbia, Happy Land,"
Professor merely waved his hand,
When all the children caught the strain,
Till the old mill timbers shook again
And again, with the waves of song,
From a multitude vast and strong.

Cheers for "The Red, White and Blue" rang loud
"Star-Spangled Banner" "just hit the crowd,"
Then "Home, Sweet Home" subdued and soft,
Full eyes fixed on the flag aloft,
Or seeks the green turf 'neath their tread,
Till time for prayer was loudly read.

Mitred Frair and Clerical Tie,
Chanced to meet on the platform high,
Both in courtesy seemed to vie ;
One glance, one clasp, they understood,
One sire of Christian Brotherhood,
One, the same, for heathen or Jew,
Who dare judge the mystery—who?
Who dare say to his brother man:
"I'll reach Heaven; you never can."
"Judge not, lest judged, the die is cast,
"And who is first, may yet be last ;
"Keeping this precept close in view,
"Love each other as I love you."
Here is a lesson the world may take ;
Deep silence fell, the minister spake,
"Bless all, O God, for our Saviour's sake,"
Now bending low with uncover'd head;
While words of praise and thanks were read,
Pressed a heterogenous band,
Of every nation throughout the land,
In prayer on blest California's strand.

Hark! the angelus-bell sonorous,
Ringing from old Mission Dolores,
Comes on the blustering West-wind's breath,
As winded hound puffs in at the death.

One, two, three ! The first signal bore,
The message the angel brought of yore,
Ding, ling, dong, the next talisman sent,
Down on their knees Senoritas bent;
Ding, ding, ding, just three signals more,
Ci ! Signor, bend the head lower,
See'st thy compadre prostrate adore,
Adoring God without vanity,
In this—for His son's humanity—
Vouchsafed to us in a mystery
Too deep for mortal ken to see.

Answering peals from the hill-top bell,
Tenderly soft with the twilight fell
The angelus notes in silvery chime,
Swaying the air in rythmatic time ;
And now the Padre's voice essayed
To lead the motley crowd that prayed
"Our Father which art in Heaven"—fell
In cadience sweetly with the bell ;
The patre and aves, said—and then,
The minister responds, Amen.
The minister rises—speaks again ?
No, sings—leads—an anthem sweeps the sea
The glorious old doxology;
Lo ! now, in reverent pose he stands,
The aged Padre raised his hands,
Invoking blessings on each and all,
Lo, some devotedly prostrate fall,
Here was a scene to endure all time,
This celebration, September nine.

Another scene Californians love :
There loomed all around, beyond, above,
Betwix Twin Peaks and North Beach cove,
Brand new from the Vulcan forge of Jove,
A girdle of molten iron and gold,
And bands of orange, with purple fold ;
Marvelous blendings of light and shade,
Swept out from the gilt zone full displayed,
Till the Golden Gate of our Western sea,
Was radiant with hallows of mystery.



Golden Gate.

In royal purple, and gilt-edge bright,
Silvery hangings, red, orange, white,
In crimson glory, in kingly pride,
Sol passes on "to the other side;"
With reverent hearts the picnics go,
To tented homes 'neath the sunset glow.

Ah! this is the sweet refrain we hear,
Health, and long life to the pioneer,
Comfort, good will and hearty cheer,
The same to all they hold most dear.

Then long, long live this natal morn,
When pioneers have passed life's bourn,
Never forget (I need not say)
Native Sons and Daughters, this day,
Forgive, that I repeat this line :
Long live their memories pure sublime,
Pioneer mothers of '49.

When siege of dire cholera traversed this land,
Came from the Old World a merciful band,
Sister Francis McGinness, on charity bent,
Her great heart most true in its noble intent,
But such the ungenerous record of fame,
Small mention is made of her endearing name ;
Small praise is bestowed on her record of love,
To the children of men—save by angels above,
That native-born daughters and sons of our land,
Should glean all the benefits she could command,
On, on, thro' long years of toil, worry and strife,
Devoting all care to the task of her life,
To the cause of all children—a mother at heart,
Education was foremost, existence in part;
When parents—aye, guardians, neighbors and friend,
Succumbed to the plague—oh, who in the end,
When death and destruction together took hand,

"For love of God" watcheth and prayeth—this band;
"For love of God" sheltered all orphans thus left,
To friends in the East some returned—some bereft
Of every earth-tie, in the "Home" chose to stay,
And are living now, healthy, proud patriots to-day.
Pioneer foibles are all the fad,
Since statehood e'er a pioneer had,
But who shall say, that '49-ers,
With their families were worse than miners,
Or for the saying "miners were rough,"
By no means implies that they were tough,
For hands that were brown, brows that would tan
Their heart-throbs proved every inch a man.

From '46 to '50 they tried
Living with Mexicans curing hide,
Practiced in throwing the lariat,
Racing down cattle wicked and fat,
Aiming to cook at the Broncho Ranch,
Prospecting too, whenever a chance;
By intuition the least child knew,
Workingmen ever are best, are true.
Only 'long '54, '5 and '6,
Came West "a crew of yer fancy slicks,"
Cut-throats and gamblers wi' Monte tricks,
As lawyers, preachers, aye gentlemen,
Vigilantes soon put an end to them,
Having no use for such "foreign stuff,"
When o' toilers we hadn't near enough,
"Say, pard, we never tire to hear,
"Seems like—o' the life o' the pioneer,
"What 'came of the wimmin all this time?"
In glorious days of '49

Aye, once—just once in all these years,
*A Native Son, extols, reveres,
The memory of this motherhood,
This band of noble hearts, and good,
While dedicating in our land,
A "Mission" Parlor justly grand—
All fame deserved to our pioneer,
Disdain not the mothers—'tisn't clear,
That our Native Sons' and Daughters' vim,
Honor and pluck is all gained from him,
I'll ask with old pard—say, all this time,
What of the mothers of '49?

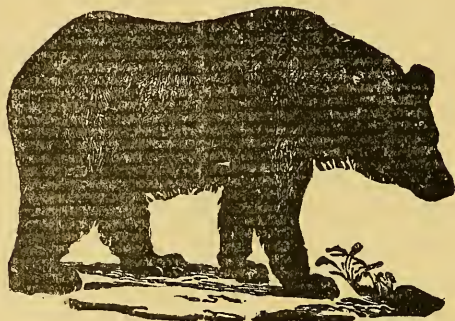
Fathers and brothers struck out for gold,
Say, were those mother-hearts stone cold?
What of the lambs in the shepherd's fold?
Who listed the sound of pattering feet,
O'er the broken, unguarded street?
Watched at the tent with strifled throb,
Lest disaster her home might rob,
Of father or child ere day was done?
That soul reached out 'yond the setting sun,
In search of the all-absorbing One—
And who to-day may ever know,
This faith and love's consuming glow,
Although God's churches' spires were less,
God lived within the wilderness,
Proud manhood's faith, stout women's tears,
Stout manhood's hopes, proud woman's fears,
Was common lot of our pioneers.

Full five and forty years ago,
To-day how many hearts beat low,

Frank Murasky.

Many forms 'neath the sod lays low;
How many names may we re-call,
Unto our State have been all-in-all,
Some but yesterday drank life's mirth,
Mingle to-day—pioneer earth.
"Rough and ready" their time to bide,
They've safely crossed the surging tide.

'Tis Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-four,
The city of sunset, looms before
Laden with rich and golden lore;
Out to the park ye go, and there,
Greets you the sights of Midwinter Fair,
On every side along the line,
Reminders of '50 and '49.



"A Native."

Native Daughters and Sons with pride,
Count blessings and favors on every side,
For the cities built up so great and grand,
Have sprung from the stroke of the master hand;
Our typical press bespeaks to-day,
The nerve and push that makes them pay;
Our schools, homes, churches—all, 'tis clear,
Are traced to the sturdy pioneer.
Take for its moral-worth all we can,
Pioneer means woman, as well as man;
Long live their memories pure sublime,
The sturdy souls of pioneer time.

THE TWIN MADRONE.

Heard you, the tale of the twin Madrone,
Amidst the plains so wide, so lone,
Far 'yond the valley of San Joaquin,
Where the tule looms, close and green,
'Yond clumps of verdure and sweet wild rose,
Such scenery every miner knows.

Well, once be-times as the story goes,
Two fair youths, Ramon and Roselie,
Of Castile one, of Mexico she,
Plights their truth 'neath this Madrone tree;
From Reno this young miner came,
On noble steed, bringing mountain game

To Roselie's father, herding stock,
Exchanging for cattle best "quartz rock;"
Gentle Roselie, with face like dawn,
Smilingly bright, with step like the fawn,
She lithe-limbed skips over the ranch,
To the Rodero or Poker Joe's dance;
Sweetly-expressive eyes, like the dove,
Her parents vieing in pride and love,
Towards this pure child of the woodland free,
Lovely, yet modest, our dear Roselie.
Loui Ramon, is he here to-day,
At the Rodero to enter the fray?
Ci! Signor, Ci! and sure, he will win,
He's just the metal—enter him in.
Noble his features, charming his mien,
Proud, fit scion of Spain's fair queen,
He sits the saddle, one man, one beast,
Proud of each other, but says the least;
Pride, 'tis love, can't fathom the art,
Touching the human and creature's heart;
Love divine, all-absorbing grace,
Mirrors the soul on the human face;
Firmness, patience and truth in train,
Playing the features, return again,
While sympathies kin to love remain,

Ha! they're near, watch the animal prance,
So light of heart he well might dance;
See! the rider's hat falls on the sand,
Caught you the move? his hat's in his hand;
The light of glad life leaps to his eye,
Cheerfully greeting, passing us by.
Aha! note the power of the magic spell,
You who'er studied the creatures well,
Or noticed the steeds of martial ranks,
Stand still—a tremor sweeps his flanks,
The rich blood flows thro' each bounding vein,
As tide-waves temper the restless mane
In ripples of motion, side by side,
Over the beautiful, glossy hide.
His nostrils wide defiantly spread,
Proudly he bears his noble head,
Tenderly soft, his liquid eye turns
To greet him, who his gratitude earns.

To shorten the sequel of this verse,
Ramon wins the race, also the purse;
Crowds pressing close, greets him with pride,
Shared with the beautiful steed at his side,

What!—whoa!—so anxious, eager to start,
For the mountains, he mus'nt depart
Till we banquet, but this is not all,
He favors the groom, who 'tends his call;
His eager eye searches the throng,
His heart sinks heavy—something's wrong;
Ah! near her father beside the door,
See, such a lass, such a youth may adore;
He such a youth, such a lass might believe,
Had ne'er been born, a heart to deceive,
Language all fails to discover,
The true-heart gift of maid and lover,
A look, a glance—the telegraph bold
Is unerring as fate—the story's told.

With parental blessings, our Ramon,
With Rosalie sped to yon Madrone;
A few suns cycled the sanded plain,
Their Padre pronounced but one the twain;
A long, long life enjoyed they here,
Herding their cattle, and hunting deer;
Two generations have silent sped
On, aye, and both our heroes are dead;
Settlers aver, for Rosalie and Ramon,
Beneath their shade, ever sighs the madrone.

Vale.

Before we close the final page,
I may in personnal engage,
And herein grateful thanks bestow,
On those whose graceful actions show,
Encouragement and sympathy,
In what-so-'ere the case may be.
Unto my tender, youthful mind,
These hearts I've found exceeding kind,
And charge these simple couplets blend,
In tribute to each pioneer friend.

To— { My own Father and Mother, Mrs. Margaret Van
Reynegom, Mrs. Amelia Pixley, Mrs. M. A.
Jones, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. Barnett
Keesing, Mrs. Wm. G. Wood, Mme. L. A.
Sorbier, Sister Xavier, Rev. H. H. Rice, J. C.
and Mrs. Amanda Pelton, Rev. Hugh P.
Gallagher, Messrs. A. L. Mann, Jno. Swett
Jas. Denman, A. Holmes, H. Carleton,
J. C. Morrell, Lawrence and Densmore,

Typical Pioneer Women.

Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller, *Era*.
Mrs. Mary T. Austin, *Argonaut*.
Mrs. Yda Addis Stokes.
Mrs. Leland Stanford, Stanford Jr. University.
Mrs. Crocker, Old Ladies' Home.
Jennette A. Phelps, W. C. T. Union.
Ina D. Coolbraith, Poetess.
Theresa Yelverton, Writer.
Francis Victor, Historian.
Emma F. Dawson, "Old Glory."
Rose H. Thorpe, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night."
Mrs. Madge M. Wagner, "Liberty Bell."
Mrs. Rowena G. Steele, first California Novelist.
Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Society Pioneers, Charities.
Mrs. Jas. R. Deane, " " "
Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, " " "
Madame Sorbier, " " "
Mrs. Jessie B. Fremont, Story Writer.
Mrs. Louisa A. Off, Los Angeles, Editor.
Mrs. M. F. C. H. Wood, " "
Mrs. Mary Bowman, " "
Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Dramatist.
Miss Harriet Skidmore, Poetess

These women are all deceased.



ERRATA.

Page 4, 2d line—read: sinewy-girt.

" 9, 19th	"	wooded.
" 11, 11th	"	just as you own 'tis dusk, etc.
" 11, 3d	"	cliff-pilliar'd glint with, etc.
" 14, 4th	"	untrammel'd.
" 14, 24th	"	while waltze and sweet fandangoes play'd
" 14, 33d	"	unshorn head.
" 15, 31st	"	nighl-tide.

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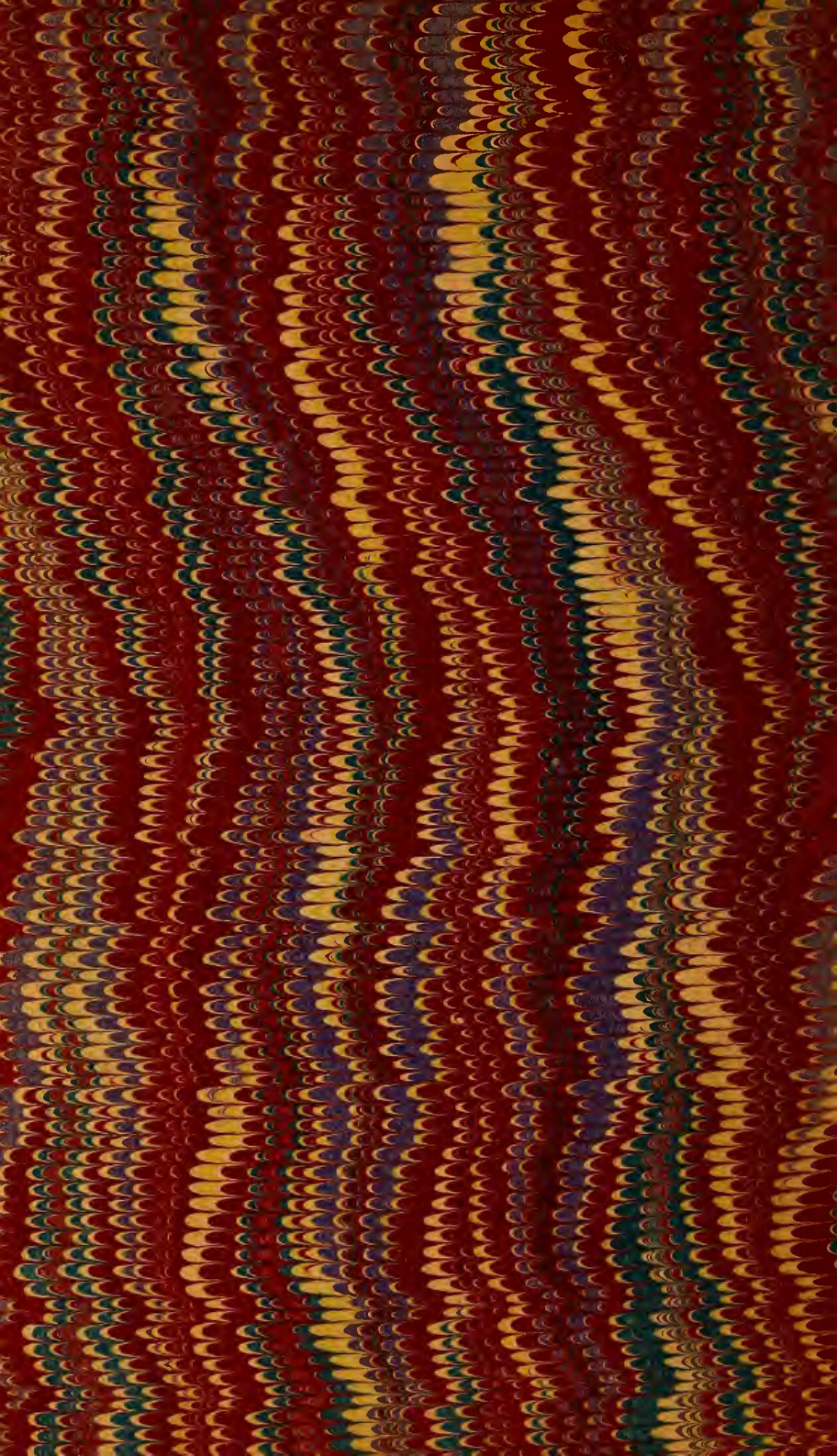
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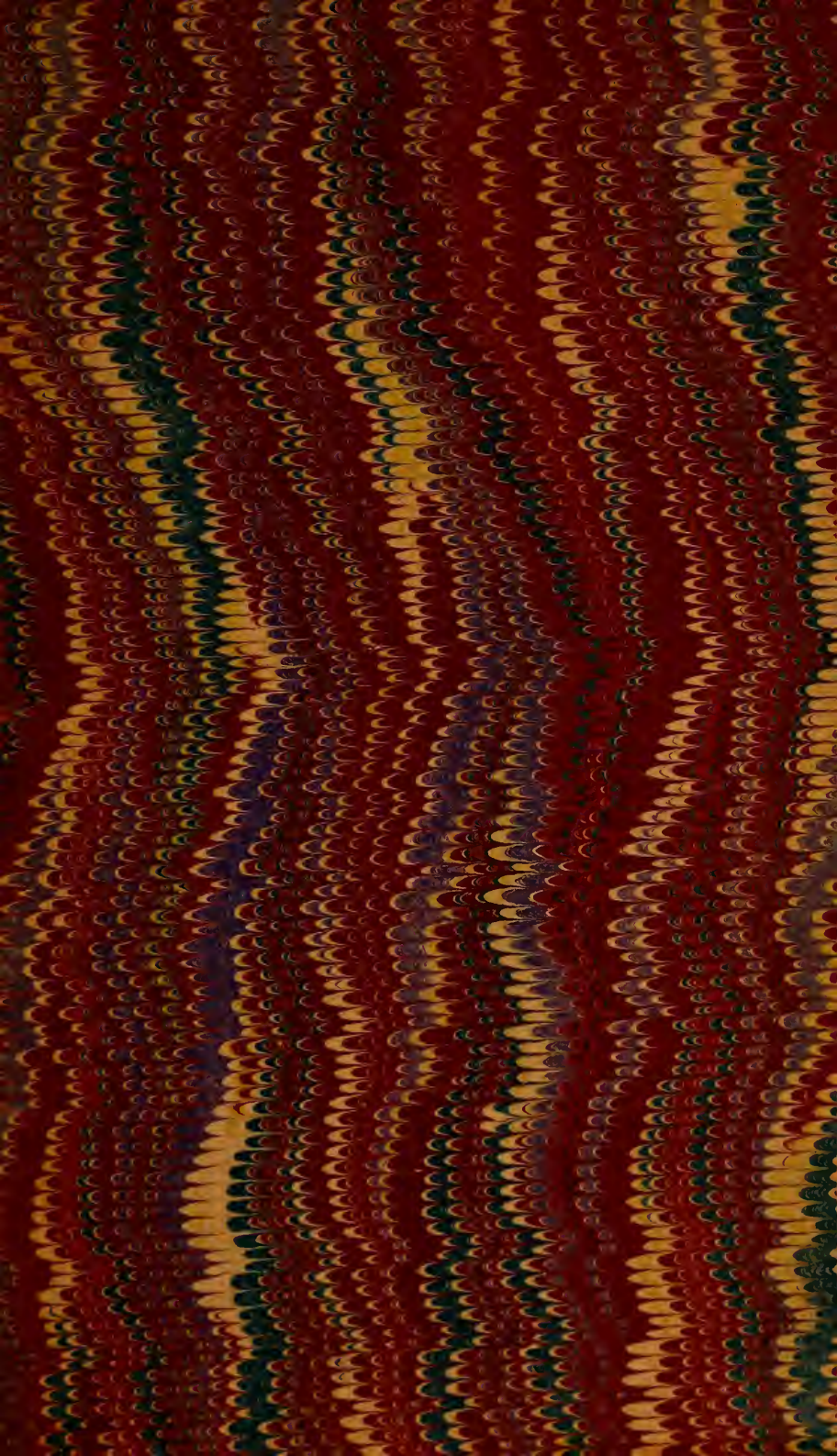
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